THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

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Hiſtorical and moral Reflections on Maſquerades.

IT would be ſuperfluous to offer a definition of a maſquerade in a country where they have of late been ſo much encouraged, yet it would perhaps be difficult to give an idea of this entertainment to one who has never ſeen it. It is literally an aſſembly of men and women maſqueraded or diſguiſed, who meet to dance or divert themſelves in their aſſumed characters. The word comes from the Italia *maſcarata*, and that from the Arabic *maſcara*, which ſignifies raillery or buffoonery. Of its early hiſtory much is not known. Antiquaries have found more valuable purſuits than in tracing the hiſtory of public amuſements; yet ſuch inquiries may be made intereſting, as exhibiting the manners of diſtant ages, and in what reſpect more refined times have improved on the barbarous ſuggeſtions of the preceding. Some particulars, however, we have been enabled to collect from various ſources, principally in our own hiſtory, which we ſhall now lay before our readers.

It is commonly ſaid, that Granacci, who died in 1543, was the firſt inventor of maſquerades, but it is probable he only revived them, or gave them ſomewhat of their preſent ſhape and form. Their origin may be traced much higher. In a work publiſhed in 1727, entitled "La Religion des Gaulois," the author gives a particular detail of the gods of the Gauls, with the figures under which they were repreſented, and an explication of their ſymbols and inſcriptions. Among other things, there is a curious diſſertation upon the god Mithras, or the ſun, and the ceremonies of his worſhip. He tells us, that upon the firſt of January, the Gauls maſked themſelves in honour of him, and diſguiſed themſelves like women, monſters, and all ſorts of beaſts, thoſe eſpecially that repreſented the conſtellations, which

were facred to this god. St Aſterius, biſhop of Apamea, in a diſcourſe made in the fifth century, on this occaſion, uſes theſe words; "That brave, that great general, who was the terror of the enemy, and renowned for his mighty deeds, is now dreſſed in a flowing robe, that trails upon the ground; and in the habit of a woman he appears armed with a diſtaff, ſpinning with the ſame right hand wherewith he gained ſo many victories, and ſoftens his maſculine voice to an effeminate ſpeech."—Theſe maſks alſo performed the parts of jugglers, buffoons, and pantomimes or ſcaramouches in the ſtreets; "I mention ſays the author from whom this account is taken, "thoſe particulars the rather, becauſe they have ſome ſmall relation to our maſquerades, which ſeem not improbably to have derived their original from this ancient practice of the Gauls, but ſo wonderfully improved by that ingenuity and fine taſte, which the moderns diſcover in all their pleaſures, that from a barbarous and ridiculous piece of heathen ſuperſtition, it is become the politeſt entertainment of the age. I ſay this, to obviate the miſrepreſentations of thoſe cenſorious people, who would make the world believe that we have only changed the objects of our devotions, and that theſe nocturnal aſſemblies are dedicated to the ſervice and honour of Venus."—Every perſon converſant in maſquerades will comprehend the ſneer in this laſt paſſage.

"One of the writers in the periodical publication, called "The World," ſays, "that Henry VIII. was the firſt who brought theſe diverſions into England; and as they were very amuſing from their novelty, they were frequently exhibited in that reign with great ſucceſs."—Previous to this, however, we find ſome traces of maſquerades in this country; in Edward III's. reign, 1377, we have the following account of a maſquerade, recorded by Stow; "The citizens reſolved to divert Prince Richard, his mother the Princeſs of Wales, the nobility, and their attendants, at Kenſington; for which purpoſe, on the Sunday before Candlemas, one hundred and thirty-two citizens on horſeback in maſquerade, attended by trumpets, a variety of other muſical inſtruments, and a vaſt number of flambeaux, marched from Newgate, through the city and borough of Southwark, to the prince's reſidence aforeſaid. In the firſt diviſion rode eight and forty perſons dreſſed in the habit of eſquires, with red coats, ſay gowns, and beautiful vizards. Then followed the ſame number of perſons apparelled like knights, in the ſame livery as the former. Then rode one in a very pompous imperial habit, followed at ſome diſtance by a perſon reſembling the pope, attended by four and twenty cardinals, followed by ten perſons in hideous black vizards, as legates from an infernal pontiff.

"This cavalcade of maſkers being arrived at the palace, they diſmounted, and entered the hall, whither inſtantly repaired the prince,

prince, the Princeſs of Wales, and the nobility their attendants. They were ſaluted by the maſkers, who producing a pair of dice, ſhew their inclination of playing with the prince. The dice were ſo artfully prepared, that whenever the prince threw, he was ſure to win, and having thrown three times, he won a bowl, a cup, and ring, all of maſſy gold; after which the ſaid maſkers ſent the princeſs, the Duke of Lancaſter, and all the other lords, each a gold ring, which they likewiſe won: whereupon they were moſt ſumptuouſly entertained at ſupper, and after having the honour of dancing with the prince and nobility, they joyfully returned to the city."

This evidently partakes conſiderably of the modern maſquerade, only that, according to the manners of the times, they aſſumed characters of ſtate, or of fancy, in lieu of dramatic characters, which then were unknown.

In the reign of Charles the Firſt, a moſt ſplendid entertainment of this kind was exhibited, an account of which from Whitelocke, who was one of the committee, will probably afford ſome entertainment to our readers:

"The king being returned from his progreſs into Scotland, the gentlemen of the four inns of court reſolved to entertain their majeſties with a pompous maſquerade, which for curioſity of fancy, excellency of performance, and dazzling ſplendour, far excelled every thing of the kind that had ever been ſeen in England; the charge whereof amounted to twenty one thouſand pounds.

"On Candlemas-day in the afternoon, the maſquers, horſemen, muſicians, dancers, and all that were actors in this buſineſs, according to order, met at Ely-houſe, in Holborn; there the grand committee ſat all day, to order all affairs, and when the evening was come, all things being in full readineſs, they began to ſet forth in this order down Chancery-lane to Whitehall.

"The firſt that marched were twenty footmen in ſcarlet liveries with ſilver lace, each one having his ſword by his ſide, a baton in his hand, and a torch lighted in the other hand; theſe were the marſhal's men, who cleared the ſtreets, made way, and were all about the marſhal, waiting his commands. After them, and ſometimes in the midſt of them, came the marſhal, then Mr. Darrel, afterward knighted by the king; he was of Lincoln's-inn, an extraordinary handſome, proper gentleman: he was mounted upon one of the king's beſt horſes, and richeſt ſaddles, and his own habit was exceeding rich and glorious, his horſemanſhip very gallant, and beſides his marſhal's men, he had two lackies, who carried torches by him, and a page in livery that went by him, carrying his cloak.

"After him followed one hundred gentlemen of the inns of court, twenty-five choſen out of each houſe, of the moſt proper and handſome young gentlemen of the ſocieties; every one of

them was gallantly mounted on the beſt horſes, and with the beſt furniture that the king's ſtable, and the ſtables of all the noblemen in town would afford, and they were forward on this occaſion to lend them to the inns of court.

" Every one of thoſe gentlemen were in very rich clothes, ſcarce any thing but gold and ſilver lace to be ſeen on them, and each gentleman had a page and two lackies, waiting on him in his livery by the horſe's ſide: the lackies carried torches, and the page his maſter's cloak. The richneſs of their apparel and furniture glittering by the light of a multitude of torches attending on them, with the motion and ſtirring of their mettled horſes, and the many and various gay liveries of their ſervants, but eſpecially the perſonal beauty and gallantry of the handſome young gentlemen, made the moſt glorious and ſplendid appearance that ever was beheld in England.

" After the horſemen, came the antimaſkers; and as the horſemen had their muſic, about a dozen of the beſt trumpeters proper for them, and in their livery, ſounding before them; ſo the firſt antimaſque being of cripples, and beggars on horſeback, had their muſic, of keys and tongs, and the like, ſnapping, and yet playing in a concert before them.

Theſe beggars were alſo mounted, but on the pooreſt, leaneſt jades, that could be got out of the dirt carts or elſewhere; and the variety and change from ſuch noble muſic, and gallant horſes, as went before them, unto their proper muſic, and pitiful horſes, made both of them the more pleaſing.

" The habits and properties of theſe cripples and beggars were moſt ingeniouſly fitted (as of all the reſt) by the commiſſioners direction, wherein as in the whole buſineſs) Mr. Attorney-general Noy, Sir John Finch, Sir Edward Herbert, and Mr. Selden, thoſe great and eminent perſons, as all the reſt of the committee, had often meetings, and took extraordinary care and pains in the ordering of this buſineſs, and it ſeemed a pleaſure unto them.

" After the beggars antimaſque, came men on horſeback playing upon pipes, whiſtles, and inſtruments, ſounding notes like birds of all ſorts, and in excellent conſort, and were followed by the antimaſque of birds: this was an owl in an ivy buſh! with many ſeveral ſorts of other birds, in a cluſter about the owl, gazing, as it were upon her. Theſe were little boys put into covers of the ſhapes of thoſe birds, rarely fitted, and ſitting on ſmall horſes, with footmen going by them, with torches in their hands; and here were ſome beſide to look unto the children, and this was very pleaſant unto the beholders.

" After this antimaſque came other muſicians on horſeback, playing upon bagpipes, hornpipes, and ſuch kind of northern muſic; ſpeaking the following antimaſque of projectors; to be

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of the Scotch and northern quarters; and theſe, as all the reſt, had many footmen with torches waiting on them.

" Firſt in this antimaſque rode a fellow upon a little horſe, with a great bit in his mouth, and upon the man's head was a bit, with headſtall and reins faſtened, and ſignified a projector, who begged a patent, that none in the kingdom might ride their horſes, but with ſuch bits as they ſhould buy of him.

"Then came another fellow with a bunch of carrots upon his head, and a capon upon his fiſt, deſcribing a projector who begged a patent of monopoly, as the firſt inventor of the art to feed capons fat with carrots, and that none but himſelf ſhould make uſe of that invention, and have the privilege for fourteen years, according to the ſtatute.

" Several other projectors were in like manner perſonated in this antimaſque; and it pleaſed the ſpectators the more, becauſe by it an information was covertly given to the king, of the unfitneſs and ridiculouſneſs of theſe projects againſt the law; and the attorney, Noy, who had moſt knowledge of them, had a great hand in this antimaſque of the projectors.

" After this, and the reſt of the antimaſques were paſt, all of which are not here remembered, there came ſix of the chief muſicians on horſeback upon foot-clothes, and in the habits of heathen prieſts, and footmen carrying of torches by them.

" After theſe muſicians followed a large open chariot, drawn with ſix brave horſes, with large plumes of feathers on their heads and buttocks; the coachman and poſtilion in rich antique liveries. In the chariot were about a dozen perſons, in ſeveral habits of gods and goddeſſes, and by them many footmen on all ſides bearing torches.

" After this chariot followed ſix more of the muſicians on horſeback, with foot-clothes habited, and attended with torches, as the former were. After them came another large open chariot like the former, drawn with ſix gallant horſes, with feathers, liveries, and torches, as the other had.

" Then came the firſt chariot of the grand maſquers, which was not ſo large as that which went before, but moſt curiouſly framed, carved and painted with exquiſite art, and purpoſely for this ſervice and occaſion. The form of it was after that of the Roman triumphant chariots, as near as could be gathered by ſome old prints and pictures extant of them. The ſeats in it were made of an oval form in the back end of the chariot, ſo that there was no precedence in them, and the faces of all that ſat in it might be ſeen together.

" The colours of the firſt chariot were ſilver and crimſon, given by the lot to Gray's-inn, as I remember. The chariot was all over painted richly with theſe colours, even the wheels of it moſt artificially laid on; and the carved work of it was as curious for that art, and it made a ſtately ſhow. It was drawn

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by four horſes all on breaſt, and they were covered to their heels all over with cloth of tiſſue, of the colours of crimſon and ſilver, large plumes of red and white feathers on their heads and buttocks."

After a ſimilar deſcription of the other chariots, too tedious to repeat, we are told, that

"In this order they proceeded to the Whitehall, where the King and Queen, from a window of the Banquetting-houſe, beheld the ſtately proceſſion, wherewith they were highly delighted," &c. &c.

The unhappy troubles which followed this period, and the policy of the republican government, interrupted the career of public pleaſures, and among other entertainments, maſquerades would no doubt be proſcribed. They were revived, however, with every other ſpecies of licentiouſneſs, in the reign of Charles II. although it is unneceſſary to give detailed accounts of every inſtance. In Queen Anne's reign, they were frequent, and frequently animadverted upon by the authors of the Spectator, who very laudably exerciſed the office of *cuſtodes morum*. They appear then to have been nearly in their preſent form, not like thoſe of the former times, in public ſpectacles for the populace at large, but held in the theatres, with prices of admiſſion, &c. A correſpondent complains of one of them in the following language:

"I muſt let you know (addreſſing the Spectator) that the deſign of this paper is to give you information of a certain irregular aſſembly, which I think falls very properly under your obſervation, eſpecially ſince the perſons it is compoſed of are criminals too conſiderable for the animadverſion of our ſociety, (the Society for the Reformation of Manners.) I mean, Sir, the midnight maſque, which has of late been very frequently held in one of the moſt conſpicuous parts of the town, and which I hear will be continued with additions and improvements. As all the perſons who compoſe this lawleſs aſſembly are maſqued, we dare not attack any of them in *our way*, leſt we ſhould ſend a woman of quality to bridewell, or a peer of Great Britain to the counter. Beſide that, their numbers are ſo very great, that I am afraid they would be able to rout out our whole fraternity, though we were accompanied with all our guard of conſtables—If we are rightly informed, the rules that are obſerved by this new ſociety are wonderfully contrived for the advancement of cuckoldom. The women either come by themſelves, or are introduced by friends, who are obliged to quit them, upon their firſt entrance, to the converſation of any body that addreſſes himſelf to them. There are ſeveral rooms where the parties may retire, and, if they pleaſe, ſhow their faces by conſent. Whiſpers, ſqueezes, nods, and embraces, are the innocent freedoms of the place. In ſhort, the whole deſign of this libidinous aſſembly ſeems to terminate in aſſigna-

tions and intrigues."—The celebrated Heidegger was the manager of theſe maſquerades, and in George I. and part of George II's reign. At the commencement of the preſent reign, Mrs. Cornelys undertook to be prieſteſs of the temple of pleaſure. She had her day of folly, and was left to die in a jail.

After theſe brief, and perhaps not very perfect hiſtorical memoirs of maſquerades, we may be allowed to offer ſome reflections on the nature and tendency of the amuſement. If any amuſement could be ſo conducted as not to degenerate into licentiouſneſs, a maſquerade might be allowed to rank among the moſt ingenious and refined of all. It differs from every other in this reſpect, that each perſon frequenting it is himſelf an actor, or may be. To render it perfect, therefore, a conſiderable proportion at leaſt, of the company, ought to be able to ſupport the character aſſumed, with appropriate language, and thoſe to whom he addreſſes himſelf, ought to be able to make ſuitable replies. The converſation, while extempore, ought to abound in flaſhes of wit, and never ceaſe, unleſs to give way to a new ſcene, naturally and not abruptly introduced. Such a maſquerade ought to be, and conducted with decency and liberality.

But of ſuch a maſquerade we have rarely heard. For a people rather grave and thinking, a maſquerade does not appear to us a practicable amuſement. In France and Italy, we have heard that it is more ſucceſsful in this reſpect, but yet mixed with ſo much licentiouſneſs that no perſon can ſeriouſly vindicate it. Another circumſtance, which has tended to the degeneracy of maſquerades in this country, is that they have been deſerted by perſons of rank and faſhion. In the early part of the preſent reign, maſquerades were given more rarely than now, but they were generally attended by groupes of perſons of rank, many of whom, beſide the ſplendour and gayety of their dreſs, were enabled by their natural vivacity to carry on a dialogue of conſiderable point and ſmartneſs. As luxury in manners began to increaſe, perſons in middling life thought it incumbent on them to viſit maſquerades. This increaſed the number of ſtarers and liſteners, but not that of wits. Speculators, too, eſtabliſhed maſquerades without any ſelection of viſitors; whoever could pay their admiſſion were welcome. This opened a wide door to the very worſt of company, and it may be ſaid, without the leaſt hazard of contradiction, that the late maſquerades preſent an aſſemblage of the moſt profligate, looſe, and uſeleſs characters in ſociety. People of faſhion rarely take a peep, and people of character and decency cannot enter without hazarding the language of the coarſeſt ribaldry.

As now conducted, we believe the ableſt advocates for the amuſement can have nothing to advance in its favour. Places for the aſſociation of the vicious of both ſexes ought certainly not to be tolerated, and it is with ſome ſurpriſe that we

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have lately beheld the frequency of maſquerades, notwithſtanding the accounts publiſhed of them prove that they are an entertainment utterly diſgraceful to a country profeſſing the Chriſtian religion, and Chriſtian manners. An hour or two perhaps is paſſed in feeble, and often moſt ridiculous attempts, to ſupport dramatic, or other characters, after which all becomes a coarſe interchange of indecent language, made worſe by intoxication, and every ſpecies of low debauchery. It is indeed, as the eloquent writer of the Rambler ſays, "an entertainment, which in an inſtant gives confidence to the timorous, and kindles ardour in the cold; an entertainment where the vigilance of jealouſy has ſo often been eluded, and the virgin is ſet free from the neceſſity of languiſhing in ſilence; where all the outworks of chaſtity are at once demoliſhed; where the heart is laid open without a bluſh; where baſhfulneſs may ſurvive virtue, and no wiſh is cruſhed under the frown of modeſty."

An ACCOUNT *of the* ISLANDS *of* MADEIRA.

THE Madeiras, African iſlands, lying in the Atlantic Ocean, between lat. 32. and 33. deg. N. and long. 16 deg. 49 min. W.—The largeſt of them is called Madeira, or rather Mattera, *i. e.* wood or foreſt; which name was given it by Gonzalves Zarco, a Portugueſe, who firſt diſcovered it in 1420, as being overgrown with trees. The ancients called it Cernee Atlantica. It is about eighteen miles long, upwards of four broad, and one hundred and twenty in circuit. The woods having been burnt down, and the iſland fructified by means of the aſhes, the Portugueſe planted it with vines, from which incredible quantities of wine, called Madeira, are produced. This keeps the beſt of any in the hotteſt weather and climate, in which other ſorts turn ſour; for which reaſon hardly any other is uſed in Jamaica, Barbadoes, and the Caribbee Iſlands, &c.

The air here is far more moderate than in the Canary Iſlands, and the ſoil more fertile in ſugar and fruit, beſides the exuberance of wine already mentioned; and it is alike ſtored with the ſame ſort of cattle, birds, plants, and the trees from which dragon's blood is extracted; alſo maſtic and other gums. Here reigns a perpetual ſpring; and they make the beſt ſweetmeats in the world. They have ſeveral ſugar plantations; and this is the firſt place where this manufacture was ſet on foot, and thence carried into America; but theſe are moſtly converted into vineyards, which yield the Portugueſe immenſe profits. There is found at Madeira a tree, called by the natives vigniatico, the laura Indicus of Linnæus. The wood of this tree can ſcarcely be diſtinguiſhed from mahogany; which induces us to believe, that the wood, called in England Madeira mahogany, is this tree,

as no mahogany is exported from Madeira. There are no wheel-carriages here; the only reſemblance of them is a hollow board, that may be called a ſledge, and which ſerves to carry their wine-veſſels. The ſoil is ſo rich, and there is ſuch variety in the climate between the hills and plains, there is no object of luxury which grows either in India or Europe, that might not be cultivated here. Walnuts, cheſnuts, and apples flouriſh almoſt without culture upon the hills. The pine apple, the mango, the guava, and the banana grow almoſt ſpontaneouſly in the town. The corn is large grained and fine, and it might be produced in great abundance, nevertheleſs the greateſt part of what is conſumed is imported. The beef, mutton, and pork are likewiſe remarkably good, particularly the firſt.

In this iſland there are many hills remarkably high; the Pico Ruivo is near 5109 feet high, being nearly perpendicular from its baſe. Theſe hills are covered round with vines to a certain height, above which there are great numbers of cheſnuts and pine-trees, and above them various ſorts of timber, ſo thick as to form large foreſts. The murmulano and paobranio trees, found amongſt them, are unknown in Europe.

The inhabitants are computed to be between 70 and 80,000; and the revenue ariſing from the cuſtoms is ſuppoſed to amount to 20 or 30,000l. ſterling per annum. The wines of this iſland are not all of equal goodneſs, and conſequently are of different prices. The beſt, made of a vine imported from Candia, by order of the Infant of Portugal, Don Henry, is called Madeira malmſey, a pipe of which cannot be bought on the ſpot for leſs than 40 or 42l. ſterling. It is an exceeding rich ſweet wine, and is only made in a ſmall quantity. The next ſort is a dry wine, ſuch as is exported for the London market, at 30l. or 31l. ſterling per pipe. Inferior ſorts for the Eaſt India, Weſt India, and North American markets, ſell at 28l. 25l. and 20l. ſterling. About 30,000 pipes, upon an average, are made every year, each containing 110 gallons. About 13,000 pipes of the beſt ſorts are exported; and all the reſt is made into brandy for the Brazils, converted into vinegar, or conſumed at home. The other iſlands are very ſmall, yielding but little wine. Theſe were planted ſoon after the firſt diſcovery by the Portugueſe, and are ſubject ſtill to the crown of Portugal.

This iſland was divided by the Portugueſe into four quarters, of which the moſt conſiderable is that of Funchal, which is ſo called from a city of the ſame name. The number of houſes in Madeira, in the year 1625, was computed at 4000. This number has been greatly increaſed, and according to a ſurvey taken in 1768, there were 63,913 inhabitants. Its harbour is very ſafe, during the whole year; the mountains appear there to have been formerly ſubject to volcanic erruptions. It is watered by ſeven

or eight rivers, and many rivulets, which deſcend from the mountains.

INSTRUCTIONS *for* COXCOMBS.

To ———

IN conſequence of the freſh fry ſo conſtantly emerging from the ſcholaſtic trammels of Eton, Weſtminſter, and Wincheſter, as well as from both univerſities, I preſume you will readily coincide with me in opinion, that a ſelect train of inſtructions, for the preſervation of perſonal dignity in the *lounge* of Bond-ſtreet, and its faſhionable vicinity, cannot prove inapplicable, but, on the contrary, highly acceptable to the very great number of inexperienced maſculine *minutiæ*, who have not yet had opportunity to diſplay their perſons and perfections amid the gay frivolities of the metropolis.

Having recently eſcaped from the obſcurity of dreary walls and dull profeſſors, a phenomenon of univerſal brilliancy, and family admiration, your embarkation muſt be made by completely ſhaking off every degree of obedience to parental authority or friendly admonition. This leading point cannot be more deciſively and effectually carried, than by being driven into town *poſt*, with a break-neck rapidity, to the door of ſome hotel of celebrity; the more expenſive the houſe and its accommodations, the more will your name be blazoned by the trumpet of fame, as a new and ſuperlative devotee to the dictates of faſhion.

At the moment of arrival, you ſeem to undergo a kind of regeneration, and abſolutely begin a new life; the ſervility of your poſtilions, the fulſome adulation of the waiters, and the politeneſs of Boniface treble-refined, all ſerve moſt powerfully to convince you how great your weight is already become in the ſcale of ſociety. Conducted to your apartment of elegance, equally calculated for eaſe and admiration, you inſtantly become the Adonis of your own imagination. Nature being intended to enjoy a gratification of every wiſh, it becomes immediately the determination of a man of faſhion, to deny himſelf no one pleaſure, comfort, or happineſs, however extravagant, that power can procure, or influence obtain. As *pecuniary* compenſation, with "brilliants of the firſt water," is only a ſecondary conſideration, it is very much below your attention; that will of courſe become much more the province of the Maitre d'Hotel, whoſe care it muſt be in future to *dun*, and not your's to *pay*.

This conſideration making its proper impreſſion upon your refined ſenſibility, and perfectly ſatisfied of the ſtrict propriety of your conduct (always completely ſhielded by your *intentional* integrity) you proceed to order a profuſion of every delicacy without

without fear or reſtraint; and enjoin the whole to be got ready with that kind of *poſt haſte* expedition, which implies your very exiſtence to depend upon the inſtantaneous execution of your demands. When they are minutely obeyed, then is the moment arrived for a happy diſplay of your ſuperiority; deliberately collect yourſelf for one general exertion to produce a grand effect. In ſhort, find fault with every ſingle article without exception, d—n the waiter at almoſt regular ſtated periods, and never let him ſtand one moment ſtill, but keep him eternally moving; having it in remembrance he is only an unfortunate and wretched ſubordinate, of courſe a ſtranger to feelings which are an ornament to human nature; with this recollection on your part, that the more illiberal the abuſe he has from you, the greater will be his admiration of your ſuperior abilities, and gentleman-like qualifications. Confirm him in the opinion he has ſo juſtly imbibed, by ſwearing the fiſh is not warmed through; the poultry is old and "tough as your grandmother;" the paſtry is made with butter, rank Iriſh; the cheeſe, which they call Stilton, is nothing but pale Suffolk; the malt liquor damnable, a mere infuſion of malt, tobacco, and (if ever you heard of the name) *coculus Indicus;* the port muſty; the ſherry ſour; and that the whole of the dinner and deſert were "infernally infamous," and, of courſe, not fit for the entertainment of a gentleman; conclude the lecture with an oblique hint, that without better accommodations, and more ready attention, you ſhall be under the neceſſity of leaving the houſe for a more comfortable ſituation. This ſpirited declaration at ſtarting will anſwer a variety of purpoſes, but none ſo eſſential as an anticipated objection to the payment of your bill, whenever it may be preſented. With no ſmall degree of perſonal oſtentation, give the waiter your name, "becauſe you have ordered your letters there, and, as they will be of importance, beg they may be taken care of, particularly thoſe written by a female hand, of which deſcription many may be expected."

Having thus introduced you to, and fixed you, like a recruit, in good quarters, I conſider it almoſt unneceſſary to ſay, however bad you may imagine the wine, I doubt not your own prudence will point out the characteriſtic neceſſity for drinking enough, not only to afford you the credit of *reeling* to bed by the help of the banniſters, but the collateral comfort of calling yourſelf "d—nd queer," in the morning, owing entirely to the villanous adulteration of the wine; for when *mild* and *genuine*, you can take off three bottles "without wrinking or blinking." When rouſing from your laſt ſomniferous reverie in the morning, ring the bell with no ſmall degree of energy, which will ſerve to convince the whole family you are awake; upon the entrance of either chamberlain or chambermaid, vociferate half a dozen queſtions in ſucceſſion, without waiting

for a ſingle reply. As, what morning is it? Does it hail, rain, or ſhine? Is it a froſt? Is my breakfaſt ready? Has any body enquired for me? Is my groom here? &c. &c. And here it becomes directly in point to obſerve, that a *groom* is become ſo evidently neceſſary to the *ton* of the preſent day (particularly in the neighbourhood of Bond-ſtreet) that a great number of gentlemen keep a groom, who cannot (except upon credit) keep a horſe; but then they are always upon the "look out for horſes," and till they are *obtained*, the employment of the *groom* is the embelliſhment of *both ends* of his maſter, by firſt dreſſing his head, and then poliſhing his boots and ſhoes.

The trifling ceremonies of the morning got through, you will ſally forth in ſearch of adventures, making that great mart of every virtue, Bond-ſtreet, in your way. Here it will be impoſſible for you, between the hours of twelve and four, to remain even a few minutes, without falling in with various "feathers of your wing," ſo true is it, in the language of Rowe, "you herd together," that you cannot fear being long alone. So ſoon as three of you are met adopt a knight of the Bath's motto, and become literally *Tria juncta in uno*, or, in other words, link your arms ſo as to engroſs the whole breadth of the pavement; the *fun* of driving fine women and old *dons* into the gutter is exquiſite, and of courſe conſtitutes a laugh of the moſt humane ſenſibility. Never make theſe excurſions without *ſpurs*; it will afford not only preſumptive proof of your really keeping a horſe, but the lucky opportunity of hooking a fine girl by the gown, apron, or petticoat; and while ſhe is under the diſtreſſing mortification of diſentangling herſelf, you and your companions can add to her dilemma, by ſome indelicate *inuendo*, and in the moment of extrication, walk off with an exulting exclamation of having "cracked the muſlin." Let it be a fixed rule never to be ſeen in the *lounge*, without a ſtick or cane; this dangling in a ſtring may accidentally go between the feet of any female in paſſing; if ſhe falls in conſequence, that can be no fault of your's, but the effect of her indiſcretion in not keeping her legs cloſer together.

By way of relief to the ſameneſs of the ſcene, throw yourſelf lounging into a chair at the confectioners, cup up a *pine* with the greateſt *ſang froid*, amuſe yourſelf with a jelly or two, and after viewing with a happy indifference whatever may preſent itſelf, throw down a guinea (without condeſcending to aſk a queſtion) and walk off; this will not only be politically inculcating an idea of your ſeeming liberality upon the preſent, but paving the way to credit upon a future occaſion. I had hitherto omitted to mention the neceſſity for previouſly providing yourſelf with a glaſs (ſuſpended from your button-hole by a ſtring) the want of which will inevitably brand you with vulgarity, if not with indigence, for the true (and formerly unſophiſticated)

breed

breed of old John Bull is ſo very much altered by bad croſſes, and a deficiency in conſtitutional ſtamina, equally affecting the optic nerves, that there are very few men of faſhion can ſee clear beyond the tip of the noſe.

At the breaking up of the parade, ſtroll as it were accidentally into the Prince of Wales's coffee-houſe, in Conduit-ſtreet, walk up with the greateſt eaſe and conſummate confidence to every box in rotation; look at every body with a certain inexplicable *hauteur*, bordering upon contempt; for although it is moſt likely you will know little or nothing of them, the great object is, that they ſhould have a perfect knowledge of you. Having repeatedly and vociferouſly called the waiter when he is moſt engaged, and at each time aſked him various queſtions equally frivolous and inſignificant, ſeem to ſkim the ſurface of a morning paper, if diſengaged, humming the march in Blue Beard, to ſhew the verſatility of your genius; when finding you have made yourſelf ſufficiently conſpicuous, and an object of general attraction, or rather attention, ſuddenly leave the room, but not without ſuch an emphatical mode of ſhutting the door, as may afford to the various companies and individuals, a moſt ſtriking proof of your departure.

Theſe inſtructions will ſerve for your initiation into the world of notoriety. The remainder of your progreſs may be the ſubject of a future lecture.

Your's, &c.

Weſtminſter, 1801.

Deſcription of Wardour Caſtle, the Seat of Lord Arundel.

By a PEDESTRIAN TRAVELLER.

BEING informed that the grounds about Wardour Caſtle, were open to the untaxed obſervation of every one who choſe to walk in them, we entered accordingly, and purſuing the principal walk to the left, which is ſhady and winding, arrived firſt at a beautiful, though ſomewhat mutilated, tri-corned little altar of earthenware, and then at a ſylvan temple in which is a caſt of Diana. In purſuing this walk our attention was occaſionally attracted by urns and fragments of buildings that had been ſuffered to go to decay, and by ſeats of rude rock-work, that commanded fine openings to the rich champaign ſpread before us. Of this the ſummit of a hill to which the meandering paths at length conducted us, afforded a ſtill more extenſive view. But the principal object of our ſearch was the ruins of the old caſtle; whoſe ſhattered towers, overgrown with ivy and elder, as they firſt broke upon our ſight, excited our veneration, but a nearer approach ſomewhat damped theſe enthuſiaſtic ſenſations:

ſations: nor could we behold without diſguſt the taſteleſs patch work of modern ruins, old walls, and grotto-work, Grecian arches, trim paterers, and ſmooth-ſhaven green. Here are alſo ſome remains of the manſion that was built ſoon after the deſtruction of the caſtle, and which, in its turn, was deſtroyed by the preſent lord, when he built the preſent reſidence. The lower part of theſe remains are now converted into a ſtable; above is a room which we were ſhewn, and which contains ſeveral prints, from ſubjects taken from the civil war, in the time of Charles I. and alſo two paintings, one of Socrates inſtructing Alcibiades, the other of his brother philoſopher, throwing away his wooden diſh on ſeeing a poor man drink, ſtill more philoſophically, out of the palm of his hand.

As it was now paſt five o'clock we could not ſee the houſe; that is to ſay, the whole of it could not be ſhewn to us: to thoſe apartments that were at liberty however we had acceſs. The chapel is, I believe, conſidered as the fineſt place of Catholic devotion in England; and it is certainly very beautiful—if beauty be indeed an epithet reconcilable with that impoſing awe, which the decorations here accumulated irreſiſtibly produce. The paintings, ſix in number, are moſtly copies. Of theſe "The Marriage in Cana;" The Altar Piece, "Chriſt taken down from the Croſs;" and particularly "The Aſſumption of the Virgin," appeared to us to be the beſt.

Among the other paintings that particularly intereſted us, were two fine ſea-pieces in the drawing room, "Moonlight contraſted with the effects of Fire," and "A Shipwreck," by Vernet, "An Old Man," by Titian, and "John the Baptiſt," by Raphael. But that which above all arreſted our attention, was "Joſeph of Arimathea and the Virgin begging the body of Chriſt." The whole picture, according to my untutored taſte at leaſt, is maſterly; and that paſſion and feeling which conſtitute the ſoul both of painting and poetry, are here moſt powerfully concentrated. The countenance of Mary in particular is perfectly thrilling. I gazed till the whole ſcene was realized before me, and I felt the artiſt in every nerve.

Anecdotes of Mr. Croſſthwaite, with ſome Account of his Muſeum.

THE muſeum at Keſwick, of which Mr. Peter Croſſthwaite is proprietor and founder, is viſited by numerous parties of the nobility, gentry, and others, and is ſtill rapidly advancing in its uſefulneſs and celebrity. He has lately publiſhed another edition of his maps of the lakes, and has likewiſe received a large donation of very great curioſities from the eaſtern world

and other foreign climes; alſo a fine, healthy, ring-tailed eagle from the north, and fifteen new tunes for his celebrated organ, four of which are of his own compoſing.

Mr. Croſſthwaite claims the merit of having firſt invented, in 1768, the cork-boat or life-boat, the model and papers relating to which, intended for the inſpection of the Lords of the Admiralty, were loſt or miſlaid in London. In May, 1800, he publiſhed in the Cumberland papers and in the Star, an adverti ſement which ſet forth forty-two capital inventions and diſcoveries, made by him, moſtly aimed for the general good. He has, ſince its appearance, made two other diſcoveries, one of which is a copious ſpring of moſt extraordinary water, more pure than the celebrated medical ſprings of Malvern Hills, in Worceſterſhire, in the proportion of at leaſt four to one; and it has been agreed by gentlemen of the faculty, that it is owing to their purity alone, that the Malvern waters cure the ſcurvy, ſcrophula, cancers, putrid and fœtid ulcers, with other diſeaſes.

Mr. Croſſthwaite has tried this Keſwick water upon four patients. It cured the firſt of the gravel and the ſtone, in a little time; the other three, who were alſo much afflicted with the ſame diſorder, have but very lately begun its uſe, and were conſiderably better in a few days. Water, impregnated with particles of ſtone and earth, and joined with acid and glutinous ſubſtances in the body, form the gravel and the ſtone, and plug up the minute veſſels and ſtrainers of the human frame, eſpecially where the circulation is languid, and exerciſe is neglected: the pureſt water, joined with exerciſe, it is now univerſally admitted will diſſolve the gravel and ſtone and the plugs too, and thus reſtore the natural circulation of the conſtitution, and if a due regard be paid to the uſe of this water and the non-naturals, Mr. Croſſthwaite is of opinion that it bids fair to ſubdue even the gout itſelf. Mr. Croſſthwaite exhibits a ſpecimen of this water, and ſome trophies of its healing power, in his muſeum; he repreſents it as a pleaſant medicine, and one of the moſt mild, and perhaps one of the moſt powerful, which art or nature ever yet produced. It is ſituated in the lordſhip of Brundholm, about 280 yards N. W. of Keſwick-bridge, and nine yards from the Cockermouth road, and fronts the weſt; it is raiſed by a leaden pump (caſed in oak and Skiddow-ſlate) erected by Mr. William Jackſon, for the uſe of his farms and his horſes.

CHARACTER *of* POUSSIN.

[From Fuſeli's Lectures on Painting.]

BRED under Simon Varin, a French painter of mediocrity, Pouſſin found, on his arrival in Italy, that he had more to unlearn

unlearn than to follow of his maſter's principles, renounced the national character, and not only with the utmoſt ardour adopted, but ſuffered himſelf to be wholly abſorbed by the antique. Such was his attachment to the ancients, that it may be ſaid he leſs imitated their ſpirit than copied their relics and painted ſculpture; the coſtume, the mythology, the rites of antiquity were his element; his ſcenery, his landſcape are pure claſſic ground.

He has left ſpecimens to ſhew that he was ſometimes ſublime, and often in the higheſt degree pathetic; but hiſtory, in the ſtricteſt ſenſe, was his property, and in that he ought to be followed. His agents only appear, to tell the fact; they are ſubordinate to the ſtory. Sometimes he attempted to tell a ſtory that cannot be told: of his hiſtoric dignity the celebrated ſeries of ſacraments; of his ſublimity, the viſion he gave to Coriolanus; of his pathetic power, the infant Pyrrhus; and of the vain attempt to tell by figures what words alone can tell, the teſtament of Eudamidas, are ſtriking inſtances.

His eye, though impreſſed with the tint and breadth, and imitation of Titiano, ſeldom inſpired him to charm with colour; crudity and patches frequently deform his effects. He is unequal in his ſtyle of deſign; ſometimes his comprehenſion fails him; he ſupplies like Pietro Teſta, ideal hands, and torſo's with limbs and extremities tranſcribed from the model. Whether from choice or want of power, he has ſeldom executed his conceptions on a larger ſcale than that which bears his name, and which has perhaps as much contributed to make him the darling of this country as his merit.

VISIT *to the* CATACOMBS *of* SAKKARA.

M. GEOFFROY, member of the national inſtitute of Egypt, in a ſecond journey which he has made to Sakkara, has been particularly employed in the ſtudy of the leſs apparent catacombs. He has obſerved ſome wells of but little depth, which only terminate in a ſmall cavity, and ſome excavations ſtill leſs conſiderable, appropriated to the indigent. Their bodies, penetrated with bitumen, were enveloped in their mantles made of the ſame woollen ſtuff as the Felahhs now make uſe of; branches of date tree were placed in the folds of this ſtuff, and ſtalks of maize or Indian wheat formed the laſt covering; the whole was fixed by cords of date tree. This rude mummy was depoſited in a foſs cut out of the rock; and the ſtones proceeding from this excavation, were laid in a heap on the body, and cemented together with a fine plaſter.

The Confeſſion of William Gallant, who was executed at Lancaſter, on the 19th of September, 1801, for endeavouring to ſeduce two Soldiers from their Allegiance.

I WILLIAM GALLANT, a native of Bolton, born to a humble but reſpectable ſtation in life, now only 23 years of age, am going to be taken out of that ſociety with ignominy, in which, If I had ſo choſen, I might have lived with comfort and credit. It has been my misfortune, with that of too many others, not to know how to value what I enjoyed. I had liberty of perſon, I went where I choſe, and did what I liked. I received the wages I earned; my circumſtances being ſmall, I paid no taxes, for none were demanded: I was free to chooſe my own religion, though God knows I was never, till lately, anxious on that moſt important of all points. Notwithſtanding all theſe valuable privileges, I felt myſelf diſſatisfied, or rather, I was ſeduced by others into a belief that I muſt be diſſatisfied. Work, which till this unhappy period, I met as cheerfully as my meals, now ſeemed irkſome. My imagination became bewildered. Inſtead of ſticking to buſineſs as a weaver of cloths, I thought of nothing but weaving and unweaving of governments; but I was ſtill more employed in executing the mad ſchemes of wicked and deſigning men, than forwarding my own.

A paper was put into my hands, which I was to give to thoſe whom I thought ripe for rebellion. It was agreed to attempt to ſeduce the army and navy firſt. Part of the 17th regiment of light dragoons being at that time quartered at Bolton, I begun to tamper with two of the ſoldiers, and as ſoon as I conceived them prepared to join us, I diſcloſed to them our object, and the means we propoſed to accompliſh it. I ſincerely forgive the ſoldiers for deceiving me; for I was engaged in a much worſe action, in endeavouring to ſeduce two men from their allegiance, after they had ſworn fidelity to the beſt of kings and the beſt of governments.

God Almighty grant that my miſerable end may have its due effect on thoſe deluded people, who forſake their honeſt and peaceful callings to engage in any plots, which, if they were ſucceſsful, I am now convinced would only increaſe, inſtead of diminiſh, any imaginary hardſhips. You who are ſpectators of this dreadful cataſtrophe, and who ſhall hereafter read of it, take an important leſſon. Follow the precept of the holy apoſtle—"Study to be quiet, and to do your own buſineſs, and to work with your own hands."

[The ſerious nature of this offence rendered it neceſſary to puniſh it with due ſeverity. The public cannot have forgotten the alarming ſtate of the nation at the time the navy was in great mutiny and diſorder.]

Anſwer, by Henricus, of Plymouth, to T. Webber's Rebus, inſerted Auguſt 3.

THY works, O BURNS! can well lay claim
To immortality and fame.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from J. R. Toulmin; H. Gillard, and R. Berry, of Southmolton; Serjeant Towning, of the Fivehead Volunteers; J. Whittle, of Upway; W. S. J. Hill, and J. Squance, of Exeter; E. Penney, of Aſhburton; W. Francis, of Gwennap; A. L. of Poole; W. England, of Lyme; G. England, of Uplyme; and J. Ninnis, miner, of St. Agnes.

Anſwer, by Jeſſe Hill, of Exeter, to P. Gove's Charade, inſerted Auguſt 10.

MY friend, a SERPENT ſurely means,
That once conceal'd the worſt of fiends.

† Similar anſwers have been received from H. Humphreys, J. Squance and W. Strong, of Exeter; Henry Gillard, and R. Berry, of Southmolton; J. Whittle, of Upway; J. Tremlett, and W. Chudleigh, of Newton Buſhell; D. Hayes, of Briſtol; E. Sherman, of Cornwood; W. W. of Aſhburton; Roger Maſſett, of Saltaſh; Serjeant Towning, of the Fivehead Volunteers; J. R. Toulmin; W. Jenkins, of Yeovil; J. Ninnis, miner, of St. Agnes; and W. Francis, of Gwennap.

A CHARADE, *by E. Penney, of Aſhburton.*

THE lark, when from his neſt doth riſe,
Will ſhew my firſt, ye youths! ſo wiſe;
My next will by a plant appear:
The whole's a town in Leiceſterſhire.

A CHARADE, *by W. Bickham, Jun. of Aſhburton.*

YOU my firſt may aſcertain
By the beams of Phœbus bright,
When he ſhineth o'er the plain,
And illumes the world with light.
You my next may ſcrutinize,
Which illuminates the mind;
And the anſwer too deviſe
Which removes the mental blind.
You my uſeful firſt have ſeen
In the courſe of many a tour;
'Tis a moſt excellent machine,
And counts the minutes and the hours.

An ENIGMA, *by E. T. of Chard.*

IN ſylvan ſcenes where ſwains repoſe
I dwell, but ah! muſt thence depart
When taken captive by my foes,
Who greedily devour my heart.
My num'rous brethren ſhare my fate,
Tho' ſome from foes a reſpite gain
'Till Bacchus rites they celebrate,
And then in numbers we are ſlain;
Our ſcatter'd limbs unburied lie,
Our ſhatter'd bodies ſtrew the plain.
Bards! ſuffer not our fame to die,
Nor let our name unſung remain.

POETRY.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

LINES *addreſſed to* SAINT MICHAEL's MOUNT.

IF nature's beauties claim the muſe's praiſe,
And ſcenes romantic ſwell the ſacred lyre,
Accept, dear ſpot! a youthful poet's lays,
For charms like thine the dulleſt muſe inſpire.

Reclining oft in evening's duſky ray
Beneath the rocks that deck thy moſſy ſide,
Young fancy's train in airy viſions play,
Allur'd by murmurs from the flowing tide.

When the pale moon reflected o'er the waves,
Expands the ſoul with melancholy gloom,
With cautious ſteps I haunt thy frowning caves,
And pore on ſcenes beyond the ſculptur'd tomb.

And while I liſten to the midnight breeze;
That ſoftly ſighs around the ſhadowy deep,
I fill reflection with the boundleſs ſeas,
Where ſhipwreck'd ſailors find eternal ſleep.

But O! when morning gilds thy lofty tow'rs,
And genial ſpring revives the youthful year,
I mount thy ſteeps, and cull the fragrant flow'rs,
That o'er the rocks in vernal tints appear.

And as my feet thy ſecret haunts explore,
Full oft I peep thro' fancy's magic glaſs,
And view with dread thoſe ſtreams of mortal gore,
That ran in torrents o'er thy clotted graſs.

Where ſavage warriors ſhone in glittering arms,
And clam'rous trumpets rous'd the mattial fire,
Behold the ſhepherd bends to Celia's charms,
And ſwells the breeze with ſighs of ſoft deſire.

Thrice bliſsful change! I contemplate in thee
The ſacred goodneſs of a pow'r above,
Whoſe hallow'd word, and ever juſt decree,
Transform'd fell war to ſcenes of mutual love.

There ſtill may peace her well-known branch diſplay,
And loyal Britons ſpurn proud Gallia's chains,
Nor let one thought of curſt rebellion ſway,
Whilſt noble George o'er happy Britons reigns.

JUVENIS.

On YOUTH.—*A* FRAGMENT.

O Youth! could dark futurity reveal
Her hidden worlds, unlock her cloud-hung gates,
Or ſnatch the keys of myſtery from time,
Your ſouls would madden at the piercing ſight

Or

Of fortune, wielding high her woe-born arms
To crush aſpiring genius, ſeize the wreath
Which fond imagination's hand had weav'd,
Strip its bright beams, and give the wreech to air—
Forth from Cimmeria's neſts of vipers, lo!
Pale envy trails its cheriſh'd form, and views,
With eye of cockatrice, the little pile
Which youthful merit has eſſay'd to raiſe;
From ſhrouded night his blacker arm he draws,
Replete with vigour from each heavenly blaſt,
To cloud the glories of that infant ſun,
And hurl the fabric headlong to the ground.
How oft, alas! thro' that envenom'd blow,
The youth is doom'd to leave his careful toils
To ſlacken and decay, which might, perchance,
Have borne him up on ardour's wing to fame.
And ſhould we not, with equal pity view,
The fair frail wanderer, doom'd, thro' perjur'd vows,
To lurk beneath the rigid ſloic's frown,
'Till that ſweet moment comes, which her ſad days
Of infamy, of want, and pain have wing'd.
But here the reach of human thought is loſt!
What, what muſt be the parent's heart-felt pangs,
Who ſees his child (perchance his only child!)
Thus ſtruggling in the abyſs of deſpair,
To ſin indebted for a life of woe.
Still worſe, if worſe can be! the thought muſt ſting
(If e'er reflection calls it from the bed
Of low oblivion) that ignoble wretch,
The cruel inſtrument of all their woes:
Sure it muſt cut his adamantine heart
More than ten thouſand daggers onward plung'd,
With all death's tortures quivering on their points.
O! that we could but pierce the ſiren guiſe
Spread out before the unſuſpecting mind,
Which, conſcious of its innocence within,
Treads on the roſe-ſtrew'd path, but finds, too late,
That ruin opes its pond'rous jaws beneath.
Lo! frantic grief ſucceeds the bitter fall,
And piming anguiſh mourns the fatal ſtep;
'Till that great pow'r who, ever watchful, ſtands
Shall give it grace from his eternal throne
To feel the faithful tear of penitence—
The only recompence for ill-ſpent life.

Barnard's Inn. T. G.

SONNET *to the* MEMORY *of the* POET COWPER.

WHILST deathleſs bards the warrior's deeds proclaim;
With martial notes whilſt echoing trumpets ſwell;
Whilſt hiſtory proudly conſecrates the name
Of thoſe who bravely fought, or nobly fell.

Say, muſt the ſons of peace expire unknown?
And ſhall no buſt to Cowper's fame ariſe?
No ſculptur'd braſs, no monumental ſtone
Record where nature's fav'rite poet lies?

Faithleſs the applauſe which are alone can pay;
The wiſe, the good, thy memory muſt revere:
To thee each ſorrowing muſe attune her lay,
And taſte and genius drop the ſilent tear.

This be thy meed, bleſt ſpirit! thus enſhrin'd,
To live for ever in each feeling mind.

M.